



NE PLUS ULSTER.



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THAT detonating patriot, Mr. O'DONOVAN ROSSA, says, apropos of the recent upheavals in the tunnel of the underground railway, that England will soon find out with whom she has to deal. The density of England's ignorance of Mr. ROSSA's fell power, is one of those marvels beyond comprehension. She lives, laughs, and moves in the sunshine of apparent happiness. And yet she must know that Mr. ROSSA lives.

MR. THOMAS OCHILTREE (of Texas) says that Mr. IRVING cannot act, and Mr. JOAQUIN MILLER declares that Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD is a cad. Much as we like to be civil to strangers, it is evident that we must refuse to recognise either Mr. IRVING or Mr. ARNOLD from this day forth.

THAT impudent and prying person, Mr. GASTON L. FEUARDENT, has at last succeeded in dragging our highly esteemed fellow-citizen, General LOUIS P. DI CESNOLA, into a court of justice, where he brazenly expects to mulct him for libel. Mr. FEUARDENT, it will be remembered, had the effrontery to discover that the statues dug up in Cyprus (an ancient capital formerly situated on Fourteenth street, but now transferred to Central Park) were composed of heterogeneous and unrelated parts, and that the Golgoi workmen hired for the purpose from the Fourth Ward, were impious enough to put the head of a priest on the body of a soldier, and *vice versa*, besides committing other enormities too heinous to mention. General DI CESNOLA, on the other hand, has long been known as one of the most successful and honorable manufacturers of antiquities in this country or elsewhere. His invention of the patent interchangeable statuette of Hope, which in six months becomes a Venus, is considered by competent critics to be unique of its kind, and his generous Egyptian priests, who swap marble arms and legs, borrow each other's heads or noses, and indulge in other anatomical extravagancies with an *abandon* which is wonderful even in an Egyptian, are celebrated all over the world. Americans with the slightest love of country naturally take more pride in Greek antiquities made in New York, than in the same article imported from Europe, even if they are in no wise better. But when it is known that the antiquities of General DI CESNOLA are not only interchangeable, but brand-new, their superiority over the musty old antiquities exhibited in low-flung foreign museums is at once apparent. Besides, it is clear that, being fresh and vigorous, they will last at least 2,000 years longer, and hence are a better investment. Every way we look at them, the antiquities of Gen-

eral DI CESNOLA are preferable to those exhibited abroad, and we have repeatedly urged that a clause be added to the Tariff which will protect the young and promising industry he has founded.

It is clear then that not only is Mr. FEUARDENT inspired with a most malignant envy, but he threatens to nip the root of an entirely original branch of art. The extensive plant procured at great expense by General DI CESNOLA for the manufacture of Egyptian mummies and genuine Assyrian jewelry, has been idle now for a year, while his Golgoi foundry, with a running capacity of forty antiquities a day, is closed, and the Cypriote workmen are thrown out of employment. These are crying evils, and the fact that the City of New York has \$100,000 worth of plaster and fragmentary marble at stake, makes it all the more imperative that justice should be meted out to the General speedily and in full.

AS a fit welcome to Madame PATTI, sixteen tugs and two steamers, with fog-horns, went down the Bay, and saluted her with a chorus of whistles which lasted twenty minutes. It is a great thing to be musical.

I HEAR that Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD says he prefers editorials and articles generally which are not under four columns in length. I admire Mr. ARNOLD. Will you please forward to his address the accompanying seventeen folios containing a digest of my speech on the Bridge?—*Evarts*.

OUR highly esteemed contemporary, the New York World, in its issue of Nov. 2d, contained this thrilling despatch:

WICHITA, Kan., November 1.—Nellie C. Bailey, charged with the murder of Clement Bothemly in Indian Territory on the 7th ult., was held to-day by Commissioner Sherman for appearance at the next term of the United States Circuit Court at Wichita. The prisoner is twenty-one years old, and is a handsome brunette. She is well educated, and had moved in the best society of New York City and New Jersey.

Of course it is well known that well-educated, handsome brunettes who move in the best society of New York City and New Jersey, commit murder habitually, and invariably spend their summers in Wichita, St. Louis, and other remote fastnesses of Indian Territory, where their dangerous excesses upon human life, express packages and cattle, excite the warmest admiration of even the most versatile cowboy. But it fills us with more than admiration to see that even our contemporary's most distant correspondent is so familiar with the best society of New York City AND New Jersey, as to be able to distinguish one of its members at sight.

THE fierce and successful war made by our highly esteemed contemporary, the New York World, upon the valets who graced the corridors of the Metropolitan Opera House, has had the cruel effect of robbing the artists of the only auditors who really appreciated them.

"I HAVE heard that in a recent book by one William Shakespeare there is a very touching farewell speech originally written for a Mr. Wolsey. Where can I procure a copy?"—*Foster*.



CONGRATULATIONS.

WHEN I LEFT NEW YORK SIX YEARS AGO, THAT MOURNFUL FAILURE HAD ALREADY BEEN OUT FOUR OR FIVE SEASONS AND MADE DEAD SETS FOR MOST OF THE RICH FELLOWS IN SOCIETY. LOOKS AS THOUGH SHE'D TAKE ANYTHING NOW.

WHICH ONE IS THAT?

THE FLOPPY SPECIMEN BEHIND YOU. DO YOU KNOW HER?

YES. WE ARE TO BE MARRIED IN DECEMBER.

EAST AND WEST.

SHE was a beauteous little witch,
The pet of her papa—
Old gentleman was vastly rich—
They came from Arkansas.

"Oh! yes, indeed; of music I
Am very fond," said she.

"Now, won't you our piano try,
And play something for me?"

A Chopin *scherso* I essayed,
And tried with all my art
To please this occidental maid,
And win her Western heart.

I finished. As I turned my head
I met her eyes of blue.

"Oh! That was just *too* sweet," she said.

"Now do play '*Peek-a-boo*!'"

H. L.

"PELICAN heaped on Ostrich," says an excited Florida contemporary, alluding to Mr. Butler's last *coup*.

THE WAR OF MEDICAL ETHICS.

THE regular meeting of the Thompson Street Medical Association was held last Saturday night, at the armory of the Skidmore Guards, the president, DR. CRÆSUS TEWKSBURY, in the chair. The Skidmore band, under the leadership of Miscé-Signor Penniante Mortem, favored the company with a *blancmange* of airs from *Il Jaborandi*, concluding with a revised edition of Mozart's Blue Mass, after which the chaplain of the organization, Rev. Pharoah Banks, returned thanks.

Drs. Dinah Mite, Sally Silleck, Chloe Rodyne and Sarah Bellum, delegates from the Cirrohosis Club, and Surgeon-General Paralysis, of the Salvation Army, were invited to seats on the platform. The president then formally presented a memorial tablet of the late DR. URIC STONE. The style of the tablet was pure old code, and bore the inscription, "Alas, poor Uric; *Requiescat cum calce.*"

The choir then introduced DR. O'DANTE G. ROSSATI, the champion six-day poet, who delivered himself as follows:

Lo! the young doctor whose untutored mind
Sees wealth in bills which he sends humbly signed.
His name, proud ethics never taught to stray
Within the journals in a milk-food way.
Yet nature to his lump of life has given,
Beyond the code-topped hills some hope of leav'n.
Some purer world, where worth, not wire-pulling, rules,
Far from the idle wrangling of the schools,
Where those whose health, not purse, we claim to save,
Won't find that all "paths" lead but to the grave,
Where tongues are scanned without a grave "Ha! Hum!"
Where fees are gained without a fi-fo-fum!
Where pious papers spurn the paltry wealth
That makes the Gospel only "yours for health."

The gentleman was here interrupted by DR. TALIPES BAYRUM, who said he would not only move to amend the second line to read, "Sees wealth unbounded in three of a kind," but would also move to lay the rest of the poem on the table.

DR. PETER PEPSIN offered the further amendment that the poet be laid under the table.

The motion and amendments were voted on *seriatim*, and carried unanimously.

DR. PLATO HASCH, secretary of the Returning Board, reported in reference to the application of DR. SAMUEL STERNUM for membership, that the gentleman had received more than the requisite number of white balls, and was consequently not elected.

DR. PECTORATIS POTTS, chairman of the Committee on Ethical Pathology, then offered the following report:

"Your committee has subjected the specimens of codes submitted to them to a thorough analysis, with the following results: Each specimen, after being macerated in kerosene, was mixed with an equal quantity of tobacco and reduced to an impalpable powder by a process of slow combustion, in a common clay pipe. The volatile properties, of course, escaped in gas and smoke. There was sufficient residue, however, for microscopical examination. The committee

finally determined that the active principles of each specimen was in all respects the same as the well-known '*ethi-codein*,' an alkaloid obtained from the expressed juice of the *grandpavaver somniferum*. The committee, therefore, took the liberty of ordering an entirely new code from their instrument makers, which they would emphatically recommend to the association.

Dr. Sally Silleck rose to inquire whether this code buttoned in front or behind. (Jeers and hisses, during which the delegate was called to order by the chair).

"The committee would call attention to the following points of pre-eminence over all other codes, viz.:

1. Elasticity, the stiff backs of the old codes being discarded.
2. Ease of adjustability, fitting perfectly man, woman and child.
3. Perfect digestibility, being suited to the tenderest stomach.
4. This code can be washed, and in some cases whitewashed.
5. The price of this code is within the reach of all, viz., one dime a square foot, one cent for every additional two words, five cents extra in sheep."

"The committee felt justified in assigning a title, which should embrace all the worthy, and exclude all the objectionable features of the ancient codes. They, therefore, had decided to designate it as '*Ethi-opian*,' as distinguished from '*Ethi-codein*,' and spell it with a Capital E." (Continued cheering.)

The choral club of the association then sang: "Blessed be the code which binds," after which the report of the committee was adopted unanimously, amid the wildest enthusiasm, and the meeting was adjourned.

"THOSE picture-cards I brought back from Boston," remarked Mrs. Partington, in a pensive mood. "They are momentums of the Art Loan Imposition."

The man who is fond of his ante
And dotes upon flushes and straights,
Most usually visits his uncle
If not smiled upon by the Fates.

S. C. C.

Mal à propos.—The bashful man.

Crux Mathematiconeur.—The plus sign.

Bis dat qui Cito dat.—50% off for cash.

"*Faber*" *sua fortunæ*.—The reporter.

Auxilium ab alto.—Supported by the alto.

*Un homme de bien**.—A Bostonian.

Gloria virtutis umbra.—Glory puts virtue in the shade.

Genius loci.—The country editor.

[* No one with a Parisian accent can understand this joke. It is intended only for Bostonians who have been abroad.—Ed.]



THEY COME !



ONE.



Two !



THREE !!

WHY is the tear running down the Cheek of this Beautiful Girl?

That is the Law of Gravitation, my son, Getting in its Work. If it were not for the l. of g., the tear might run up her cheek or stroll around into one of her ears, just as it felt like.

But what is the Cause of the grief?

The Young Man.

Who is the Young Man?

His name is Chawles.

But why does she Grieve for the young man?

Because he wore a *cafe-au-lait* hat and brindle gloves, and she was Dead Gone on them.

But did not Chawles reciprocate her Affection?

No.

Why is he so Cool to the Beautiful Girl?

Because the Speculators are firm, and the Box Office man will not wait until Next Week.



WAITER, BRING ME ELEVEN RAW OYSTERS.
WE DO N'T GIVE ELEVEN, SIR, WE GIVE SIX, OR TWELVE.
NO, TWELVE WOULD NEVER DO, WE SHOULD BE THIRTEEN AT TABLE!

A "SUGAR" CURED HAM.—A colored Democrat.

A HOT SUN.—The boy who has to wear the revised edition of his father's trousers.

THE better the day, the better the dude.

"THE NIGHT SIDE OF NEW YORK."—Homicide and suicide.

A BALD-HEADED man parts his hair on the what-is-left side.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

"WHERE are you going, Foggs?" asked a man on the sidewalk.

"Black-burying," said Foggs, as he joined the darkey funeral.

THE BARBER'S.—Never say dye.

THE PAWNBROKER'S.—Never too late to lend.

OUR CARTOON.

DOWN the road I went, Mr. LIFE, my tin can flying.—The dogs at my heels, the galloping ladies and gentlemen after them, yelling, cracking whips, and making noise enough to have frightened to death a much bigger person than a wee bit of a fox like me. They all seemed to be having such *Fun*. I was tired and thirsty, the road was dusty, and I could n't keep it up any longer. My pace slackened, I felt the hot breath of the sixty big dogs, and heard their jaws snap—snap—SNAP!!!

In vain I looked for a friend to help me—somewhere to hide—but I see now it would have spoiled the fun. And as the jaws of those sixty dogs closed over my poor little body (and the tin-can), and my eyes gazed for the last time on the brilliant spectacle of splendid equipages, gaily dressed ladies, and gallant horsemen, I heard a little boy, about three years old, say "O mama, what *Fun*."

Now, Mr. LIFE, will you please tell my successor, so that he can tell me, just where the *Fun* comes in?

Respectfully yours,

THE FOX.

P. S.—I enclose you a rough sketch I have made, showing the close of my earthly career.

FOR the heeler—While there's life, there's "soap."



AN UNSATISFACTORY PARADISE.

MANY a devout person, who would consider a hint at the possible earthly origin of any part of the Bible as sacrilege, will be found to pour over the pages of "Beyond the Gates" by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and accept its earth-born fancies as almost a second revelation. At the risk of offending some such soul, who has perhaps picked up LIFE for relaxation from the profundities of "Baxter's Saints' Rest" or "Butler's Analogy," we feel compelled to give the honest judgment, that, notwithstanding the undeniable power of the rhetoric and beauty of the phantasy, the book is absurd in parts and often ridiculous. The picture of the beautiful homes on the boulevards of the Celestial City, where happy families on earth live together in Eternal bliss, certainly appeals to the heart of the average mortal. But if the average Reason of an average mortal considers the matter for a moment, it is puzzled to understand just where the family reunions begin and end. If it is a necessary part of the happiness of the heroine's father to have his children gathered under his own roof, it is not to be inferred that his own father would have a like desire for a family

gathering, and his father's father, and so on back to the original Adam who could not be satisfied with less than a planet or two for a summer residence.

And then the wonderful oratorio led in the Music Hall of Heaven by Beethoven, suggests possibilities of a Damrosch-Thomas or Abbey-Mapleson rivalry which might not add to the serenity of life on the further shore.

But the crowning absurdity is the reunion of the souls of lovers, separated on earth, in the Elysian fields. And the woman asks where *she* is—meaning her successful rival who had gained *his* heart and hand. The reply is that *she* had forgotten him soon after his death and was mated with another. Then the two exchange vows for Eternity, and we are left to infer that when *she* arrives from the other world, there will not be a furnished house waiting for her on the Fifth Avenue of the New Jerusalem.

DROCH.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

LECTURE II.—*Fits.*

I. If the man with the fit has on a new hat, and you have an old one, always change hats with him. This relieves the pressure on the head.

2. If it happens to be a convivial looking tramp, remark in a loud tone—"It's too bad, but there's not a drop of brandy in the crowd!" In nine cases out of ten, he will then walk off, using healthy, coherent, and muscular Anglo-Saxon.

3. Should the patient have only a slight attack, and retain consciousness, tell him it is not fitting for him to act so. This will undoubtedly make him get up and take off his coat. Then run.

4. In case the man is a school-teacher, two of his pupils will be dilated; the rest will be elated.

5. Give him plenty of air—this kind of generosity is inexpensive. Open his mouth. Then get a stretcher. If he won't open his mouth, get a glove-stretcher; that'll make him.

6. Carry him into a Broadway tailor's shop. No man was ever known to come out of one with a "fit."

7. If he has a *bona fide* fit, and there is no one else near, make believe you do n't see him.

8. In case your father-in-law has one, in the street, tell him it's your *private opinion* he was intoxicated, and that to-day is your birthday. This rule alone is worth \$100.00.

Not long since a drunken man was seen crossing a field near one of our southern cities.

"I suppose he's trying a 'Richmond straight cut,'" said an observer.

"No," remarked another, as he watched him stumble along, "I think he's practising the 'Virginia Reel.'"



HER FIRST KISS.

'T WAS a tremulous kiss, and it lighted just where
I can't tell, but 't was either her eyes or her hair
That it hit, and her sweet scarlet lips badly missed,
So I knew 't was the first time she'd ever been kissed.
For when a maid's grown somewhat used to the thing,
Her lips to a pout like a rose's she'll bring,
Like a rosebud in June, while above, like soft skies,
Gleam in coquettish mirth, her blue, black, or brown eyes,
And 't is ten unto one you'll alight on the spot,
On which your attention is, so to speak, "sot."
Unlike Algy Swinburne, I do n't think I care
For the weariful pastime of "Kissing Her Hair."
Does the butterfly, when for gold honey he goes,
Seek leaves of the plant, or the flower that blows?
Well, then, this resolve have I made in my heart:
Since Doris and I have vowed never to part,
I'll make it my calling, and special election,
To educate her in the kissing direction.



FOR the maiden—The nearer the beau, the sweeter the meet.



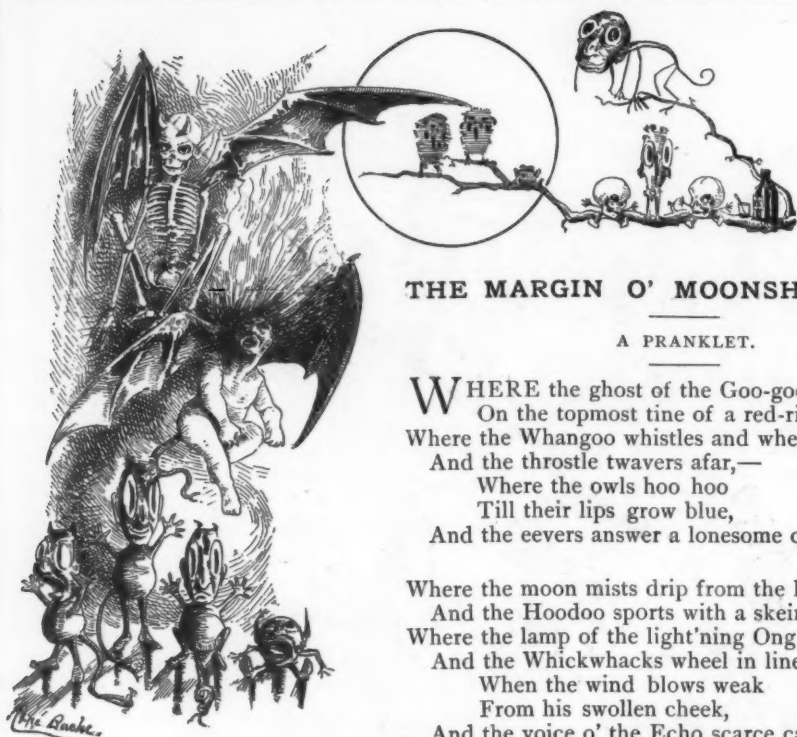
"FUN.

FROM A DESIGN FURNISHED BY
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE



"FUN."

DESIGN FURNISHED BY THE FOX.
RELATED TO THE QUEENS COUNTY MEET.



THE MARGIN O' MOONSHINE LAND.

A PRANKLET.

WHERE the ghost of the Goo-goo goes to roost
On the topmost tine of a red-ripe star ;
Where the Whangoo whistles and whets his voice
And the throstle twavers afar,—
Where the owls hoo hoo
Till their lips grow blue,
And the eevers answer a lonesome coo.

Where the moon mists drip from the lid of night,
And the Hoodoo sports with a skein of shine ;
Where the lamp of the light'ning Ong falls faint
And the Whickwhacks wheel in line,
When the wind blows weak
From his swollen cheek,
And the voice o' the Echo scarce can speak.

Where the Twinelves ravel the Rainbow's ends,
When the grass gleams, gemmed with a diamond
dew ;
Where the oberish oogers pirouette,
And the Night-notch nods at you,
Till your eyes grow hot,
And you wot not what—
The shape o' the Sun, or—a scarlet blot !

J. M. A.



CABIN LACONICS.

BY BRUDDER ROMULUS.

DE man am mighty smaht wid figgers dat kin git de right answer when he sets down to add up his own sins.

DE same win' dat blows out de taller dip, kin'les de burnin' cabin.

HEAPS ob people b'lieve de sun rises in de wes' jes' 'kase dey am too lazy to git up in de mawnin' in time to fin' out for demselves.

DE thief am a heap bigger rascal when he happens to git inter yo' own chicken-roos.

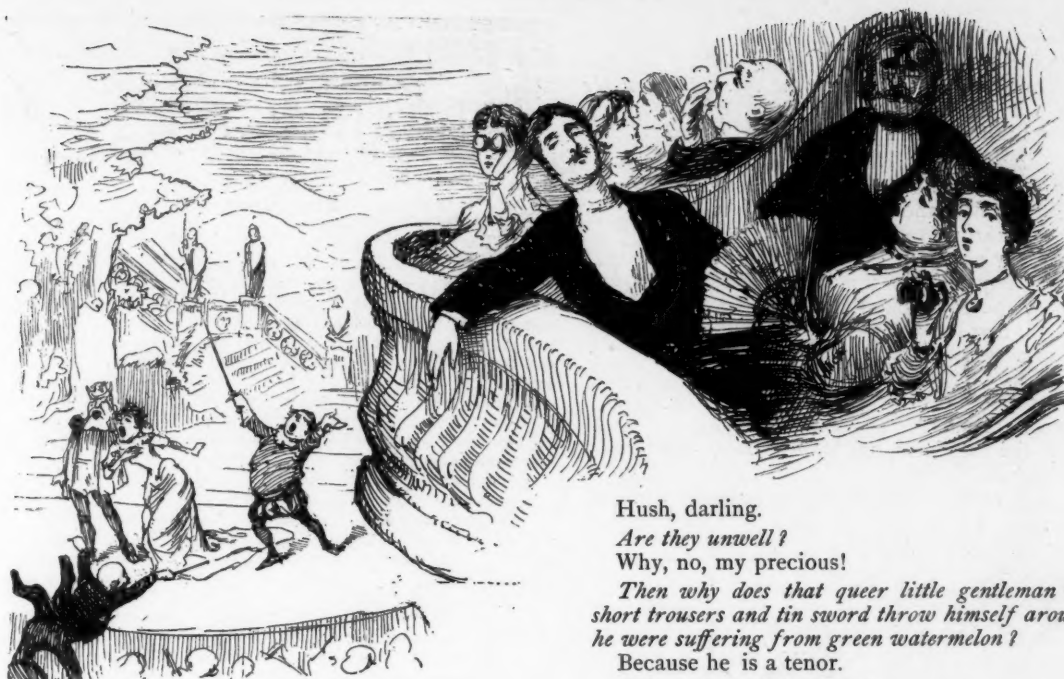
Ef yo' dun go 'long fru' life widout makin' new frien's, you am apt to hab a mighty lonesome time ob it when de ole ones am turned inter de new pastur' lot.

Ef yo' happen to be a gen'lum, nebber git inter an argyment wid de common loafer 'bout de muddy side ob life ; de odds am all ergin' yo' 'kase he am right at home w'ile yo' am only vis'tin'.



DE chap dat knows jes' how menny bones dar am in his buddy, an' how well dey am fitted togedder, trabbels up hill all de way when he sets out to be an atheis'.

DE minnits dat we lose am berry ap' to bodder us 'bout gittin' a good grip on de new minnits dat keep a cummin' ; it am de dead leabs dat kiber up de path fru' de big woods.



POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON XIV.—The Opera.

WHAT is this?

This, darling, is the Opera.

My! but who are all these people?

The audience, my love.

But they seem to be bored to death.

They are, dear.

Then why do they come?

To be looked at.

Gracious! is that a pleasure?

Yes, precious.

Why, how?

Why, the privilege costs about ten dollars an hour.

Then only rich people can afford it?

Only the immensely rich, dear.

But I see there a young man who is not immensely rich.

Yes.

How can he afford it, then?

Directly, he cannot; indirectly, he can.

How "indirectly?"

Why, he will eventually make his tailor foot the bill.

Those funny people on the stage—

Sh! dear—they are singing.

Singing what?

A duet.

Why do they duet?

Hush, darling.

Are they unwell?

Why, no, my precious!

Then why does that queer little gentleman with the short trousers and tin sword throw himself around as if he were suffering from green watermelon?

Because he is a tenor.

Why is he called a tenor?

He charges tenor fifteen dollars a minute for his work.

And the other—the lady with vocal hysterics?

She is the prima donna.

Is she singing, too?

Oh, yes.

But neither of these people have any notes?

Yes they have.

Where?

In their pockets.

Can they sing without these notes?

Yes, they can; but they won't

Is not the poor manager a great philanthropist to bring all these people together and pay them so much?

Oh, yes.

We should thank the poor manager very heartily.

Of course.

We should be willing to pay him any sum he chooses to ask, should n't we?

Certainly, dear.

He is so disinterested.

Very, my love.

We should likewise be very grateful to that excited little gentleman with the ebony stick, who looks like he were flapping his wings and trying to crow?

Yes.

He often succeeds in quite drowning the prima donna in a torrent of fiddling?

Yes, dear—that is his business.

These people in the boxes seem to be very tired.

Very.
They are trying very hard not to listen.
 Yes, sweet.
But I thought people went to the opera to hear the music?

That was in the dark ages, love.

What is music?

Music is a harmonious combination or succession of certain sharps, flats and naturals.

What is a sharp?

A sharp, my dear, is a—well, do you remember that gentleman we passed in the lobby, with the buttery smile and corpulent pocket-book?

Why, that was the manager!

Yes, my sweet.

Well?

He is a sharp.

And what are flats?

Look in the bagniores, and see the stock-holders.

And a natural?

The young man you spoke of who spent his little all for a seat.

He is a natural what?

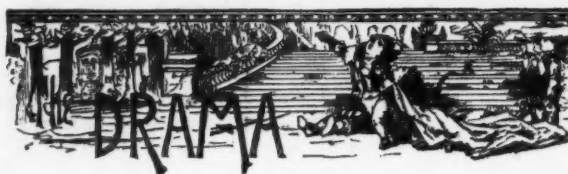
Idiot.



SURVIVAL OF THE "FITTEST."

1st Plumber: WELL, I S'POSE YOU'VE BEEN OFF TO NEWPORT THIS SUMMER?

2nd Plumber: NAW. SASSIETY GETTIN SO FEARFUL MIXED THERE THAT I TOOK A COTTAGE AT LONG BRANCH THIS YEAR.



Henry Irving.

LAST week I struggled for five hours with Mr. Henry Irving. I received a different impression every five minutes. When he dashed on the stage as *Mathias*, his *verve* and presence pleased me. When he broke the silence which succeeded the wild welcoming applause, my enthusiasm sank to zero. His first sentence was pitched in a hark-from-the-tombs key, and cadenced like the earliest effort of piety at high church intoning. Then he crossed the stage, and I disliked him. An æsthetic maiden once said that Mr. Irving's legs were limpid and utter. That is not true. Anatomically, his legs are genial and satisfying entities. But their sometime scherzo movement I object to. One need not break into a violent schottische in order to cross a stage, and when a pair of legs indulges in that obsolete and extravagant pastime, while seriously conveying the body they belong to from place to place, I am inclined to quarrel with them. I might further say that when the legs compel the feet which bear them to scrape a sonorous response to their movement from the suffering boards, they are guilty of most wanton barbarity to cultivated ears.

These are the most salient of the famous "mannerisms" of England's most famous actor. For the sepulchral timbre of his voice, nature is no doubt to blame. A crow with a bad cold cannot throw himself into the phonetic guise of a canary, be he ever so clever a crow. I am inclined to believe that Mr. Irving is equally hopeless of matching the clear enunciation of Booth, or running the gamut so facile to Salvini. Still his voice, as a voice, is far from displeasing. It has not a wide range, but it is neither harsh nor strident, nor is it guttural. It is individual at its worst, and the individuality, to my taste, is agreeable. It possesses more than one heart-tone in its brief compass; it can command or plead; it has tenderness to satisfy the most captious, and its pathos is deep and true. But with the method of its use I am strenuously at war. No school of oratory can endorse a sing-song delivery. The inhabitants of the airless moon may applaud it, but earth cannot.

When Mr. Irving intones his lines; when, going to perform the simple act of shutting a distant door, he elaborates the one—two—three, halt! one—two—three, halt! of the dancing master, and when he slurs his consonants and swallows his vowels, he incurs my strongest displeasure, and I wish, for his own sake, not less than for that of his friends and admirers, that he would pluck out these rooted sorrows, and thus raze much written trouble.

But Irving is delightful withal. I like his face. It is patrician, virile, intelligent and mobile. He has a smile as sweet as a girl's. His eye is quick, bold and flashing, yet capable of expressing the tenderest love and most plaintive sadness. His hands are large and sinewy, but more full of grace than any hands I have ever seen. He can shade an emotion with a delicacy which but few of his brother artists can equal.

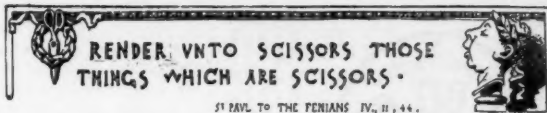
I use the word "artist" deliberately. Several hectic little gentlemen whose canons of art are self-formulated, are blown with importance over the discovery that Mr. Irving is not an artist. It is great to be a discoverer. It is a proud moment when one can tiptoe softly to the pinnacle of his conceit, and say, to himself, of course, "Lo, I will now teach somebody something." Unfortunately for these, the judgment of this world is gregarious. That of the next, we believe, is autocratic. What goes straightest and truest to the general heart of man—that in art is pronounced great. An opinion must be contagious to survive the wrack in which the individual disappears. A creed may be formulated by one, but must be approved by a multitude. I once knew a man who preferred quinine to sugar, and castor oil to honey. He was honest no doubt, but I fear somewhat bilious and malarial. He made very few converts to his gastronomy.

Mr. Irving is an artist. Despite the "mannerisms" for which he is so much berated, and which are as offensive to me as to anybody, he is undeniably great. No feeble trickster, no automaton obedient to springs and wires, could throw about the weird, unreal *Mathias* such a glamour to hold an audience bound with the spell; and no creature of the stage manager's rattling cogs and creaking pulleys could invest the character of Charles the First with such an exquisite, loveable grace. Mr. Irving can move his audience to tears, and tears are never the result of dynamism. There is a poetry and charm in his acting which captures one quite, though often it baffles analysis. It is supported by a cunning and a masterly knowledge of mechanical effects; but these are the setting and not the jewel. I praise him for the setting. It is often exquisite. A costume, a pose, a garish burst of lime-light from the wings, a picturesque grouping of subsiding characters about—these may and do add to the directness with which the effect is produced, but they are not the sole cause of it. There is a something behind these tangible weapons of the actor—a something which strikes more surely and shrewdly. Some call it magnetism; some, genius. Mr. Irving has great blemishes, but greater and more singular virtues. To a dreary exhibition of his halting lameness of gait and oratory will succeed a flash of power which is electric. Like a rose in a bramble, his touch of nature will glow amid his stilted defects and make you forget them.

Speaking of roses, I wish I had space for mention of Miss Ellen Terry. She has already more than merited the warm welcome she received, and it is with lively impatience I look forward to a review of her *Portia*, her *Beatrice* and *Juliet*.

HENRY GUY CARLETON.

THOSE who think our trans-Atlantic brethren send us nothing more than the cholera should visit the collection of foreign paintings now on exhibition in Boston.



THERE seems to be an exorbitant value attached to small boys in Brooklyn. At least such will be the universal opinion if the Brooklyn man who has sued a school teacher for spanking his small-boy, and laid his damages at \$3,000, should be successful. Few persons will believe that the man has been damaged to the extent of \$3,000 by the spanking of his small-boy. No matter how highly he may estimate the boy's services, it is unreasonable to suppose that he was deprived of them for a period sufficiently long to make his loss equivalent to \$3,000. Let it be conceded, for the sake of argument, that the boy could not sit down for six consecutive months. He could still have rendered to his father all the services which a small-boy is ordinarily capable of rendering, and the parent's loss would not have amounted to any appreciable sum—much less to \$3,000.

If the suit proves successful, there is not a boy in a Brooklyn school who will not clamor to be spanked. At the utmost, the process of spanking can not be stretched beyond five minutes, at least by any female teacher. If a boy can make \$3,000 in five minutes, he can support his family in affluence by two yearly spankings. As for the boy who should secure a daily spanking—as almost any boy of average ability and conscientious devotion to duty could do—he would make his father a millionaire. It is hardly probable, however, that the plaintiff in the suit now pending will recover his \$3,000. When our courts estimate a man's life to be worth only \$5,000 they can hardly with consistency value the spanking of a small-boy at \$3,000.—*W. L. Alden in N. Y. Times.*

THE editor of the London *Lancet* has purchased a brewery. At least we judge so, for his paper recommends good beer to literary men, and argues that it will improve the quality of their thoughts. If the thoughts contained in these paragraphs should show an improvement hereafter, it must not be attributed to beer.—*Norw. Herald.*

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The Critic

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America." N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

A LOT of anarchists in Lyons seized a policeman
the other day and tried to set him on fire, but he was
so fresh he would n't burn.

A YANKEE engineer has advertised in a Paris paper
that for 600,000 francs he will straighten up the Lean-
ing Tower of Pisa.—*Lowell Courier*.

BOSTON is threatened with a water famine, but as
the beans hold out and Sullivan still wears the belt,
everybody is happy.—*Topeka Lance*.

"AND the cloud wedded the shadow," sings a poet.
From which it would appear that the bard had just
returned from a negro wedding.—*Burlington Free
Press*.

A YOUNG lawyer of this city, who has a girl in
Warren and one in Corry, and another in Meadville,
may be said to be already conducting a circuit court.—
Oil City Derrick.

"YES," said the High School girl, "I removed the
letter surreptitiously." "No you did n't," replied her
brother Jim; "you sneaked up to the parlor table and
jabbed it in your gripsack."—*Oil City Derrick*.

A TEXAS man has been sentenced to ninety-nine
years in the penitentiary. The judge would have
made it an even hundred, but did n't want to be hard
on the fellow for his first offence.—*Bismarck Tribune*.

It is stated that "Northern traveling men are
becoming numerous in the South, and merchants are
receiving many flattering attentions." Flattering
attentions is a real nice name for invitations to drink.
—*Boston Post*.

AN Omaha pastor says the Protestant Church em-
braces three times as many women as men. That is
all right, but we thought it might be just as well to
let the husbands know about it.—*Cincinnati Com-
mercial-Gazette*.

SHE was a sweetly inexperienced young housekeeper,
as one may gather from her remark when some one
suggested that she should purchase spring mattresses.
"Yes," she replied, "if they are in season we'd better
have some."—*Yorkshire Bee*.

A VERY nobby swell from the city was spending a
few days in the country and made himself generally
obnoxious in his manners. One morning he wanted
to go into a field where a number of cattle were stand-
ing around, but before he started he said to the lady
of the house: "Awe, madame, can I go out into that
pahsuah?" "Yes, of course you can; them cattle
won't eat weeds."—*Bangor Commercial*.

"THIRD Avenue Railroad," said the Western Pas-
senger Agent. "Third Avenue Railroad, I never heard
of that before. Is it a trunk line?" and he swelled out
pompously as he awaited the reply.

"I reckon it is," replied the New Yorker, quietly.
"How many divisions does it have?" inquired the
Western Passenger Agent with a remarkable show of
interest.

"Only one," sighed the New Yorker. "The divi-
sion between the conductor and the driver."

And the enlightened Western Passenger Agent
turned away to think the thing over, and wonder if
the same system could not be advantageously intro-
duced into his company with more satisfactory finan-
cial results to himself than under the current manage-
ment.—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine*.

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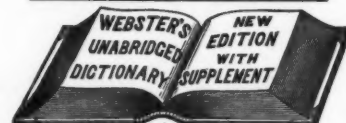
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"What did he tole yer?"
"He tole 'me ter consider myself discharged."—*Texas Siftings.*

Now THE magazine writers have begun to poke fun at their boarding houses—a subject the paragraphers have worn threadbare. An article in the November *Harper* is called "A Hashish-house in New York" It strikes us, though, that there are too many letters in hash. Or is that the way it "ish" spelled in New York?—*Norristown Herald.*

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"Well, George, I'll tell you how I did it," replied Tom. "I am a bicycler; ride an Expert Columbia, you know. I started out last week on the eastern Massachusetts trip. Took the machine along with me, or rather it took me; put my samples in a leather case; sent my valise by the cars and enjoy the best of rides; get good exercise; eat any hotel out of grub, and make it a point to stop at some house I've got a grudge against. Goodness, you ought to see me eat! Why, George, my boy, I never had a better time, and I got a letter from the boss to-day saying that if next week's work figures up to this week's, he will allow me what car-fare would cost besides putting an extra V on my salary. I've only been out 11 days and I've wheeled under just six sales, which I could n't have got but for the machine, and my little joke on you makes seven."—*Hotel Gazette.*

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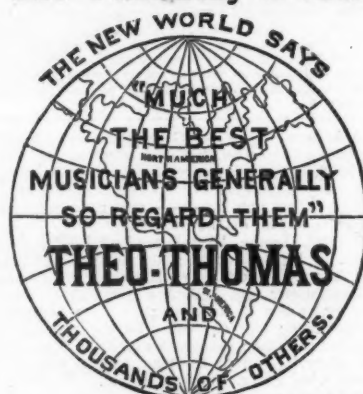
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